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OCCASIONED BY

Sir *William Browne's* LEGACY

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O F

TWO GOLD MEDALS,

TO BE DISPOSED OF ANNUALLY,

For the Encouragement of POETRY in the UNIVERSITY of
CAMBRIDGE.

ARMA VIRUMQUE!

ARMS AND THE KNIGHT!

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. ALMON, opposite Burlington-House, in Piccadilly.

MDCCCLXXVI.

[Price Sixpence.]

THE TWO GOLD MEDALS

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

THE DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
CAMBODIA

ARMY AND THE NAUGHT

LONDON

Printed for J. ALMON, 10, Strand



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN an age of such unbounded liberty as the present, when even the * Regius Professor of Divinity himself dares publicly advance-a vindication of the absurd principles of the Revolution, what are we not to expect?

Is there no chosen *David* † in this University, who will boldly go forth, and bid defiance to this proud and gigantic Philistine? Must the sublime doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance fall into disrepute?

I trust there are some devout men in this pious seminary of sound learning, and religious education, who would not blush to profess tenets which I once was weak enough to believe were inculcated only in the loyal Universities of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

* See a sermon lately published by Dr. Watson.

† Caledonia has long boasted of such a champion.

My

My learned Tutor, in particular, for whom all men profess the sincerest veneration and esteem, has delivered such divine doctrines from the pulpit as doubtless must render him, in the eyes of all good men, truly worthy of the *highest elevation*.

There is one expression in the discourse to which I mean particularly to allude, which surely deserves to be engraven in letters of gold,

“EVEN A NERO WAS COMMANDED TO BE OBEYED.”

To him likewise we are indebted for the subject of the Odes for the present year; a subject than which none can be imagined more excellent, since, as Waller very justly observed, on an occasion at least as remarkable as the present, “poets always excel in—fiction.”

Edin. Coll. June 16th, 1776.

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(5)

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Sir *William Browne's* **LEGACY,**

&c.

IV
I.

FAIR Granta! bid thy sons rehearse,

In polish'd strains, and easy verse,

The praises of the Knight

Who bade those annual orbs to rise,

Whose lustre gilds thy *cloudless* skies,

And blinds our dazzled sight.

B

Those

II.

Those golden rays with Phœbus' fire
Shall each poetic breast inspire :

Such pow'r each beam displays,
Thy splendid stile full many a bard
* Shall equal, O sublime L--y--d!
And thine, sublimer H---s!

III.

To thee such blessings while we owe,
Which none, Sir William, could bestow
With wisdom less than thine!
Lives there that mean, that abject man,
Who would to thy exalted plan
A selfish cause assign?

IV.

"Those orbs, on which with joy we gaze,"
"Thy vanity first gave to blaze;"
Thus envious Malice cries:

* See two late Poems upon Duelling, which obtained, and surely very deservedly, Mr. Seaton's prize.

But

But all thy friends, too modest Browne!
To whom thy meekness well was known,
Such idle tales despise.

V.

Nor needs, immortal bard! thy name
Such small addition to its fame:
In Truth's unfullied page,
The fame thy works have gain'd, shall last
Long as the genuine Attic taste
Which marks this happy age!

VI.

No! thou didst only mean to prove
Of ev'ry Muse thy ardent love,
And *gild* the path to fame;
—And let not Granta's sons despair!
Some favour'd bard thy praise may share,
And emulate thy name!

VII.

While we thy care, Sir William, boast,
We know not which t' admire the most
Thy wisdom, or thy taste!

They

They bid the book-worm poet speak

* Horatian Latin, Sapphic Greek,
Nor wit in English waste.

VIII.

They bid (well-knowing Granta's throne
Is ever fill'd by those alone

Whom genius deigns to bless)
The sage Vicechancellor decide
Who shall enjoy the wish'd-for pride
Thy honours to possess.

IX.

Sure Phœbus' self the fav'rite plan
Thy happy genius first began
His constant care has made ;
A miracle for thee has shown,
And once in M-gd-l-n has been known
To give unlook'd-for aid !

* It was stipulated in Sir William Browne's will, that the odes written for his medals should be, one in Greek, in imitation of Sappho; the other in Latin, after the manner of Horace.

The subject given out last year was, "Laus Gulielmi Browne;" that for the present, "Bellum Americanum."

The Vicechancellor names the subject, and confers the prizes.

Thy

Thy plains, Newmarket ! never taught

* Young W-ll-p so divine a thought

That good Sir William's praise

† Should by his Horace be bestow'd ;

Or by chaste Sappho's tender ode,

And soft, love-breathing lays.

XI.

Who could a nobler subject chuse

To animate a classic Muse ?

‡ F-r-m-r ! that task is thine !

Unwilling we're compell'd to own

Thy praise itself, Sir William Browne !

A subject less divine.

XII.

Yes, by thy Shakespeare's genius fir'd,

Or by the self-same Muse inspir'd

That made him all her care,

* The honourable and reverend Mr. W-ll-p, master of M-gd-l-n college, was V---ch--cell-r last year.

† Sir William was remarkably fond of this author, whose works he always carried in his pocket, and even ordered by his will that they should be buried with him in his coffin, which order was punctually obeyed.

‡ Dr. F-r-m-r, master, and at the same time tutor, of Em-n--l college, bears the office of V---ch--c-ll-r this year.

(10)

Thou bid'st us sing great G.-ge's hof,
And, Boston! yelling on thy coast,
The deep-mouth'd dogs of war.

XIII.

Sure, Sappho, thy melodious shell
On such a theme will love to dwell!

* In P.-rc-y's youthful train
Some gentle Phaon's am'rous aid
Shall bid each beauteous Yankee maid
Display her charms in vain.

XIV.

Nor shalt thou, Horace! e'er complain;
Vic't'ries, like those of ---*---'s reign,

Augustus *never* knew.
Fair Concord's desolated vale,
And Bunker's hill, shall tell a tale
Some may forever rue!

* Why in vain? The author must surely mean, that Sappho, with so many kind Phaons to console her, would have no occasion to indulge the peculiar passion to which she is said to have been unhappily addicted: he cannot certainly hint, that the fair Americans would in vain display their charms to so many English Phaons; especially as we may fairly conclude they would naturally be proud to imitate that gallantry for which their noble leader, P.-rc-y, has ever been so remarkable.

And

((I I))

XV.

And thou, illustrious H—e ! shalt shine
In each immortal classic line;
And brighten ev'ry page !
Great Xenophon ! that dar'ft retreat
On board the gallant British fleet,
To follow nobler G—ge !

XVI.

Oh ! by thy bright example fir'd,
Should C—rl—n wish to be admir'd,
And give his foes a check ;
Soon shall we see his bolder train
Launch on the bosom of the main,
Escape—and burn Quebec !

XVII.

What yet remains ? a pious pray'r
That Neptune's all-propitious care
Some gentle gales may send,
Such as of late our transports knew :
* Sure softer Zephyrs never blew
'Twixt London and Gravesend !

* If there is any obscurity in this passage, Sir P-t-r P--rk--r is humbly
requested to favour the public with an explanation.

Then

XV
XVIII

Then to the bard, who dares to chuse

A theme so great, the smiling Muse

Shall give the golden fee ;

* And, Firm-ly since thy plastic hand

Alone the noble outline plann'd,

A bishoprick to thee !

XVI

* There is, no doubt, from the well-known humility of the worthy doctor, that he would be happy in having an opportunity put into his power of refusing an offer of this nature.

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And give his lordship train

Soon shall we see his bolder train

Branch on the bottom of the main

Escape—and down Quebec !

XVII

What yet remains, a cautious stay,

That Neptune's all-provident care

Some gentle gales may send,

Such as of late our transports knew :

* Sure softer Zephyrs never blow

'Twixt London and Gravesend !

* If there is any obscurity in this passage, Sir P. T. P. is humbly requested to favour the public with an explanation.

Then